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37
NOV

DIGITAL
EDITION

SPAWN



McFARLANE
HERM

image[®] COMICS PRESENTS:

"THE FREAK"



Spawn #36 Summary:

Spawn attempts to kill Wynn, but Terry intervenes. Wynn relieves Terry of his duties, and orders Spawn's termination after framing him for murdering a guard. Spawn escapes to another building. Helicopters bomb the building believing Spawn has been killed. Meanwhile, Sam and Twitch learn Banks has been cleared on the Kincaid case, and speculate a connection to the CIA fiasco. Banks vows to dispose of them, but Sam and Twitch dismiss his threats. Wynn's superiors visit him in the hospital concerned about the media attention on the CIA. Clown consoles Wynn by promising to make Spawn's activities look like a terrorist attack. Spawn visits Wanda to warn her that Terry works for the enemy. Spawn, scaring Wanda, leaves realizing Wanda still doesn't know who he is.

FOR IMAGE COMICS

LARRY MARDER - exec. director TONY LOBITO - publisher

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a special thanks to
KEVIN CONRAD
JULIA SIMMONS
CHANCE WOLF





SO
THIS
IS IT.

THIS IS
THE POISONED
LEGACY MY LIFE
HAS LEFT ME.



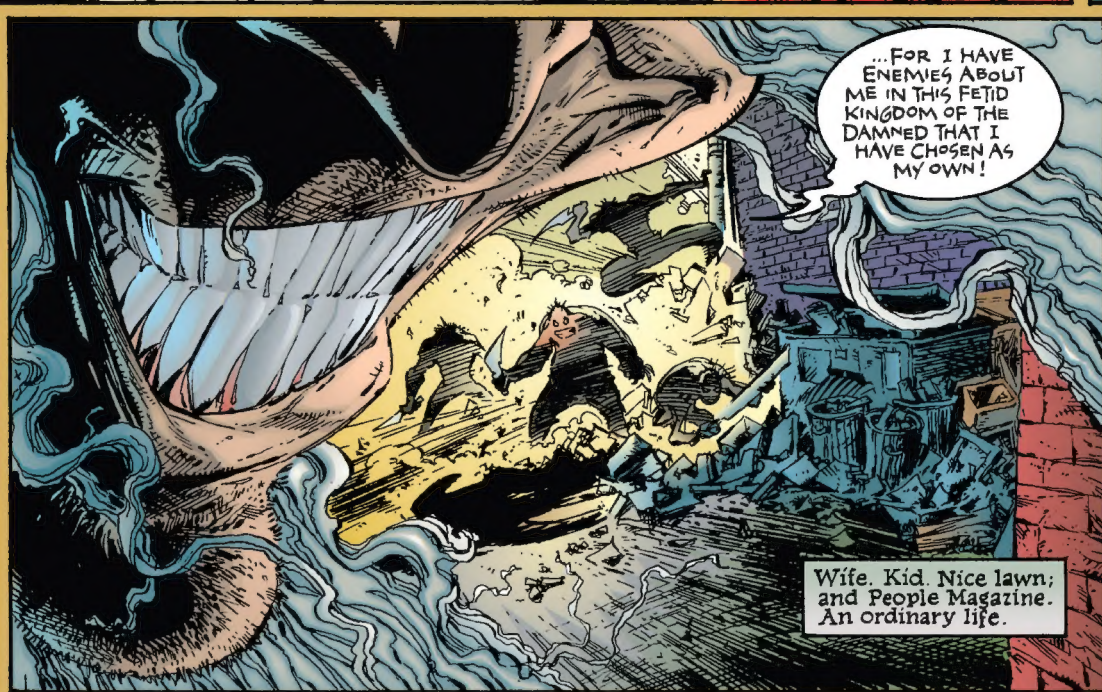
THESE
DECAYED
ESTATES ARE
ALL THERE IS OF
MY DESPISED
INHERITANCE.

THIS DISMAL PALACE,
CHANDELIERED WITH MAD
DOG BOTTLEGLASS AND TILED
WITH A MOSAIC OF SYRINGE
AND HUMAN FILTH.



THESE ARE MY
SUBJECTS, WRETCHED
AND DISCARDED. THE
DEFORMED IN BODY
OR IN MIND.

THESE
SIDESHOW
APPARITIONS, THEN,
SHALL BE MY HONOR
GUARD, WITH VOMIT
WORN LIKE MEDALS
ON EACH RAGGED
BREAST...



...FOR I HAVE
ENEMIES ABOUT
ME IN THIS FETID
KINGDOM OF THE
DAMNED THAT I
HAVE CHOSEN AS
MY OWN!

Wife. Kid. Nice lawn;
and People Magazine.
An ordinary life.

NO MATTER!
LET THEM DO THEIR
WORST, FOR IN THIS
MILDEW-GEQUINED
EMPIRE OF THE
OUTCAST AND
THE LOST...


**THE
FREAK**
SHALL REIGN
SUPREME!

Eat
dinner.
Watch
TV and
maybe
later go
out for a
beer...

HEY, GUYS, YA
HEAR THAT? HE
SAYS HE'S A
FREAK AND
WANTS TO
JOIN THE
SUPREMES.

LOOKS LIKE
HALLOWE'EN
CAME EARLY.


HEY!
YOU!
ALICE
COOPER!
TRICK OR
TREAT?



TRICK OR
TREAT? OK. I
DON'T GIVE. I
DON'T WANT TO
ENCOURAGE LITTLE
BOYS LIKE YOU TO BE
APPROACHING
STRANGERS
AFTER DARK.

YOU
GET SO
MANY FUNNY
PEOPLE
THESE
DAYS...

...AND YOU
KNOW HOW IT IS
WITH PEOPLE.
THEY'RE NOT ALWAYS
WHAT THEY SEEM.



Oh, I DIG WHAT
YOU'RE SAYIN'; MAN.
AIN'T NO GOOD GOIN'
BY **APPEARANCES**.
YOU GOTTA DIG
BENEATH THE
SURFACE...

...AND THAT'S **EXACTLY**
WHAT WE GONNA DO
WITH YOU!

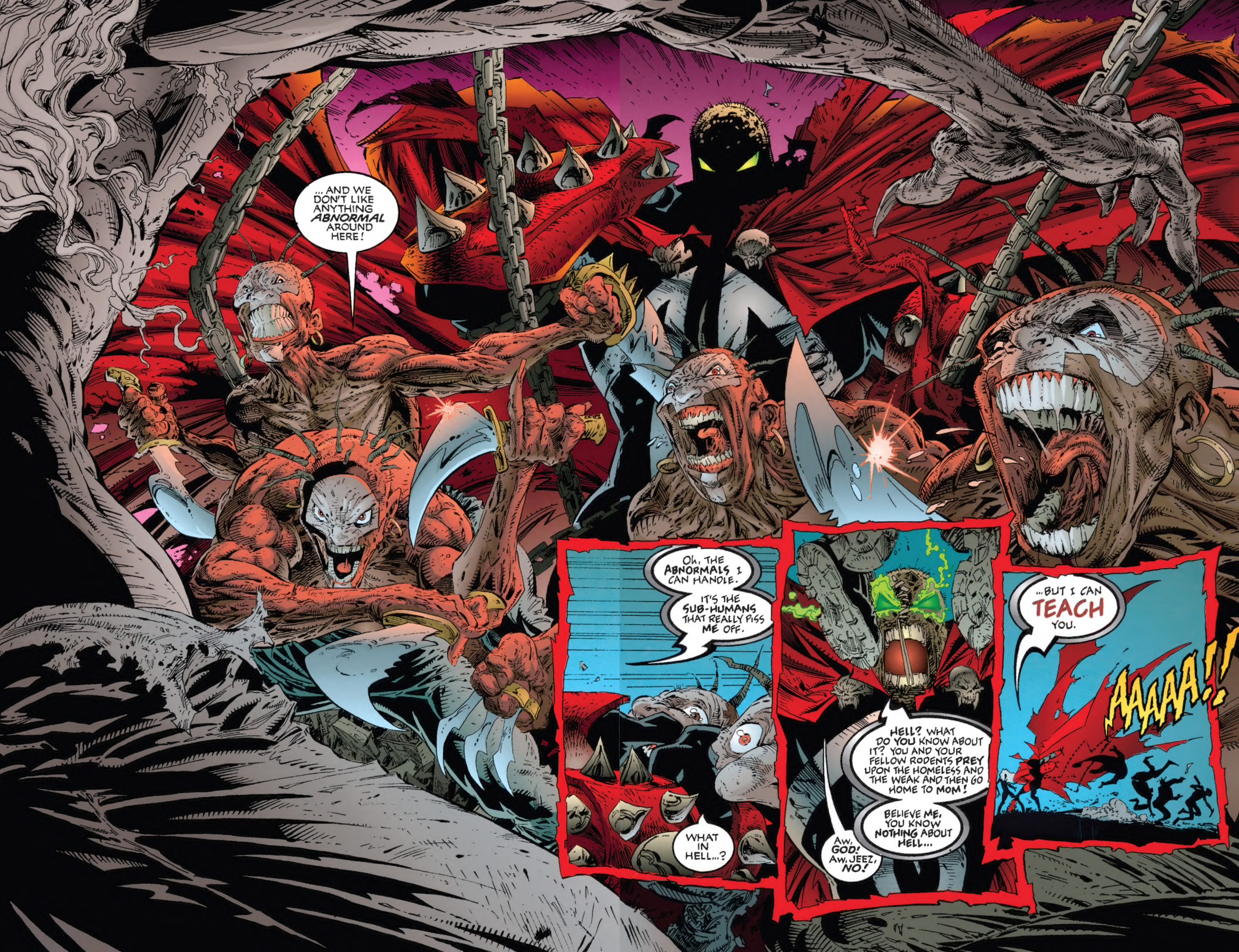
Something put by to
get the kid through
college. Things at work
are going great.

Maybe next year,
a new car.

HEY, JOEY! THERE'S
ANOTHER ONE O' THESE
ALLEY-RATS SLEEPIN'
OVER HERE!

SO? WE'LL
FILLET HIM **LATER**.
RIGHT NOW, I'M GONNA
TEACH OUR FREAKY
FRIEND THAT THIS IS
A **CONSERVATIVE**
DISTRICT...

UNNGH...



... AND WE
DON'T LIKE
ANYTHING
ABNORMAL
AROUND
HERE!

Oh, THE
ABNORMALS I
CAN HANDLE.
IT'S THE
SUB-HUMANS
THAT REALLY PISS
ME OFF.

WHAT
IN
HELL...?

HELL? WHAT
DO YOU KNOW ABOUT
IT? YOU AND YOUR
FELLOW RODENTS PREY
UPON THE HOMELESS AND
THE WEAK AND THEN GO
HOME TO MOM!

BELIEVE ME,
YOU KNOW
NOTHING ABOUT
HELL...

Aw,
GOD!
Aw, JEEZ,
NO!

...BUT I CAN
TEACH
YOU.

AAAAA!!

THEY WON'T STOP
RUNNING UNTIL THEY HIT
OCEAN-- WITH LUCK, NOT
EVEN THEN. I HOPE I
DIDN'T FRIGHTEN
YOU TOO MUCH.

MY FRIEND, I'VE
MET WITH THINGS MORE
TERRIBLE THAN YOU UPON
MY TRAVELS THROUGH
THIS WORLD OF ROT
AND STARLIGHT.

IN FACT, IT
SEEMS THAT WE ARE
FELLOW KNIGHTS; BROTHERS
WITHIN THIS PUTRID, DECADENT
DOMAIN OF FLY-BLOWN
SHADOWS.

I, SIR,
AM A FREAK
OF NATURE,
AND PROUD TO
BE CALLED ONE.
PUT IT
THERE.

Uhh...
MOST PEOPLE
CALL ME
THE SPAWN.
IT'LL DO, I
GUESS.





SO, uh,
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING HERE.
DRESSED UP
LIKE THAT?

I
COULD
ASK THE
SAME OF
YOU.

WHO
KNOWS? PERHAPS
OUR ANSWERS
WOULD BE FAR
MORE SIMILAR
THAN YOU'D
IMAGINE.



WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN?

I MEAN
PERHAPS WE
ARE BOTH MEN
TRANSFORMED,
ERODED BY FATE'S
CARRION-BLOATED
TIDE: MADE INTO
SOMETHING
OTHER THAN
WE WERE.

MADE
INTO
FREAKS.



THE LIVES
WE HAD PLUCKED
FROM US BY THE
CLAWS OF BEASTS;
CONDEMNED TO
HAUNT THIS ROACH-
JEWELLED TWILIGHT
WORLD.

DOES THAT
RING ANY
BELLS?

PERHAPS.
SO WHAT'S
YOUR
STORY?



MY STORY?
WHAT, YOU MEAN MY
ORIGIN? I COME FROM
SOMEWHERE DARK, THE
MANSION OF MY PAST
FRESCOED IN
BLOOD...

Cartoon wallpaper
in the boy's room.
Ding Dongs. Oprah.

...WITH
FIEND-CARVED
GOTHIC DOORS
I HARDLY DARE
OPEN.

"SEE, ONCE I HAD A RICH, EXCITING LIFE. I WORKED IN UNDERCOVER OPERATIONS FOR THE GOVERNMENT, AND HAD A LOVELY WIFE AND KID BESIDES.

"ALL THAT GOT BLOWN APART ONE SUMMER'S NIGHT. THE HIT WAS SLICK AND ORGANIZED. PROFESSIONAL.

"IT DIDN'T TAKE TOO LONG TO FIND OUT WHO'D BEEN BEHIND IT: SOMEONE I'D TANGLED WITH BEFORE IN MY OPERATIONAL CAPACITY.

"THEY CALLED HIM DOCTOR DELIRIUM, AN INSANE SCIENTIST WITH THE MEANS TO CONTROL MINDS... OR ELSE DESTROY THEM!

"SEEKING VENGEANCE I WENT AFTER HIM, BUT IN MY RAGE I WAS TOO EAGER AND TOO CLUMSY.

"AMBUSHED. I MYSELF WAS SOON A PRISONER OF DELIRIUM.

THE TREATMENT HE SUBJECTED ME TO WAS DESIGNED TO TURN ME INTO A HUMAN VEGETABLE.

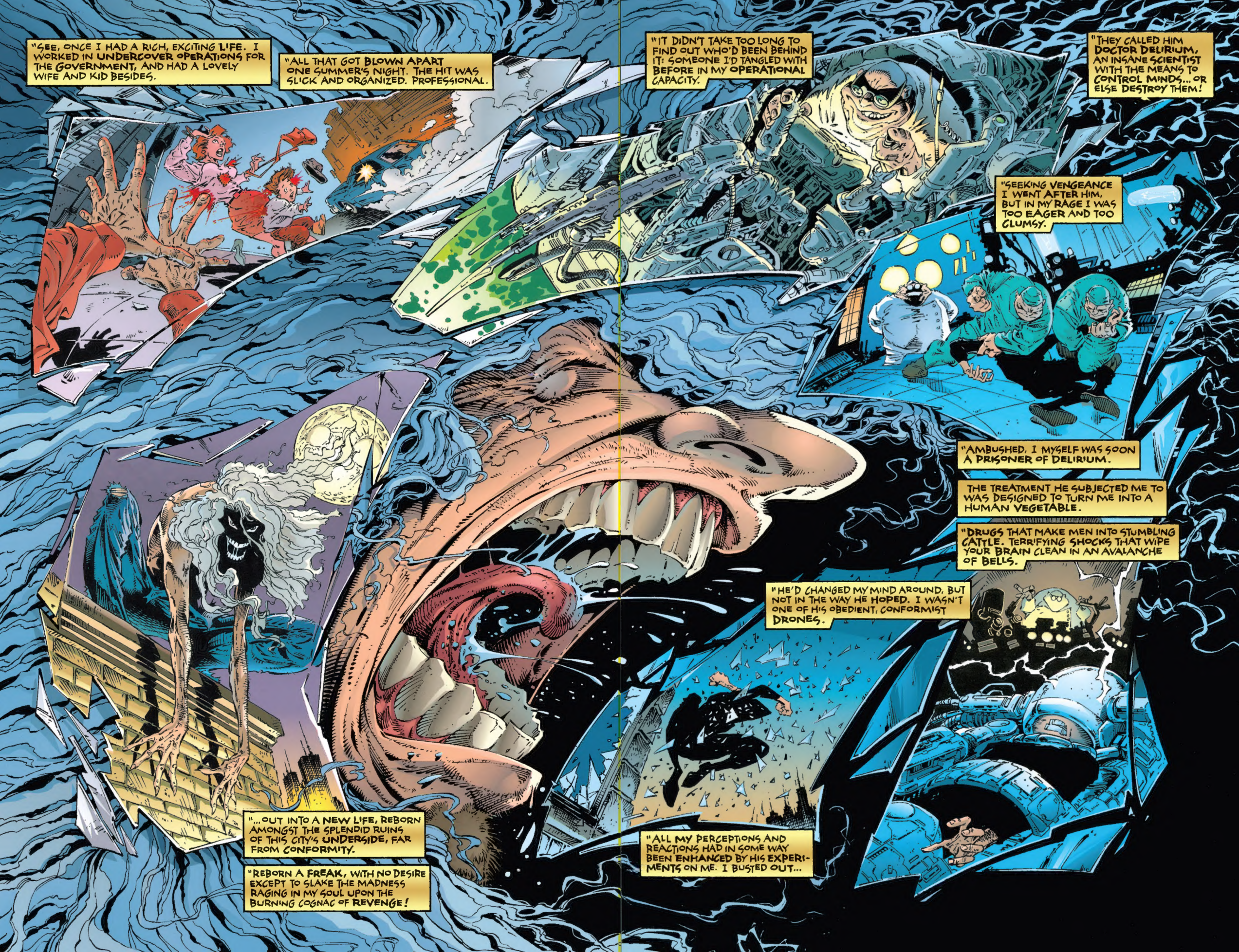
"DRUGS THAT MAKE MEN INTO STUMBLING CATTLE. TERRIFYING SHOCKS THAT WIPE YOUR BRAIN CLEAN IN AN AVALANCHE OF BELLS.

"HE'D CHANGED MY MIND AROUND, BUT NOT IN THE WAY HE HOPED. I WASN'T ONE OF HIS OBEDIENT, CONFORMIST DRONES.

"ALL MY PERCEPTIONS AND REACTIONS HAD IN SOME WAY BEEN ENHANCED BY HIS EXPERIMENTS ON ME. I BUSTED OUT...

"...OUT INTO A NEW LIFE, REBORN AMONGST THE SPLENDID RUINS OF THIS CITY'S UNDERSIDE, FAR FROM CONFORMITY.

"REBORN A FREAK, WITH NO DESIRE EXCEPT TO SLAKE THE MADNESS RAGING IN MY SOUL UPON THE BURNING COGNAC OF REVENGE!



ALAS, THE ODDS ARE STACKED AGAINST ME. THE WARPED DEMON WHO TRANSFORMED ME TO THIS SINISTER GROTESQUE HAS VAST RESOURCES.

...WHILE ONE WHOSE STORY IS AS MONSTROUS AND UNNATURAL AS MINE CAN EXPECT LITTLE AID OR SYMPATHY FROM NORMAL FOLK.

I'M NOT SURE THERE'S SUCH A THING AS "NORMAL FOLK," NOT 'ROUND HERE, ANYWAY...

...BUT IT'S NOT ONLY YOU WHOSE LIFE GOT WARPED BY DEMONS. I'LL DO WHAT I CAN TO HELP.

THANK YOU. I CAN'T SAY WHAT IT MEANS TO FIND A BROTHER IN THIS GORGEOUS PURGATORY OF CIGAR BUTTS AND DEAD DOGS!

IF YOU WOULD HELP ME, WE MUST STORM THE FORTRESS OF DELIRIUM THROUGH SUB-TERRANEAN ROUTES I HAVE DISCOVERED. WE MUST BOTH DESCEND...

...INTO THAT STYGIAN DARK WHEREIN WE CREATURES OF THE SHADOW FIND OUR ONLY DWELLING PLACE.

OUR ONLY SOLACE.

Drink milk out of the carton. Call mom. Send out for some ice cream. Watch a game.



THERE,
GO...

...WHAT
DO YOU
THINK?

IT'S UNBELIEVABLE.
YOU'VE BUILT YOUR-
SELF A MANSION
IN THE SEWERS?

AND
WHERE
BETTER FOR
THE LIKES OF US
THAN IN THESE
HALLWAYS, ERMINE-
RUGGED WITH RATS;
GERM-STREWN
WITH COLORED
MAGGOTS?

MORE THAN
THAT, IT IS THE
PATHWAY
TO MY
ENEMY.
THIS WAY...





WE CAN'T
APPROACH
DELIRIUM'S
FORTRESS
FROM ABOVE
THE GROUND.

HE'D BE EXPECTING
THAT, UNLIKE THIS
ROUTE THAT ONLY PALE,
BLIND ALLIGATORS
KNOW.

DOES HIS
PLACE HAVE
DEFENSES?



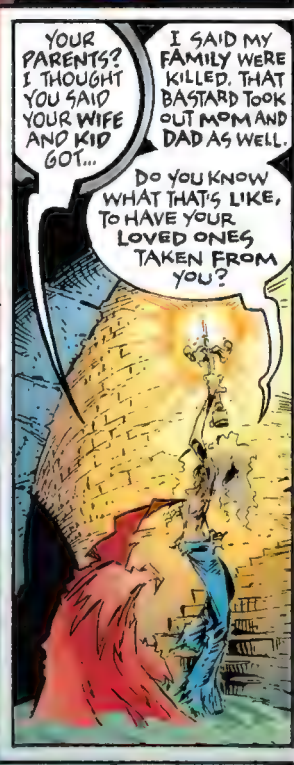
YOU CAN'T
IMAGINE.

MICROWAVE BEAMS
THAT WILL POACH YOUR
BRAIN INSIDE YOUR SKULL,
AND MIND-CONTROL TECH-
NIQUES THAT HAVE YOU
DOUBTING WHO
YOU ARE!

I STILL REMEMBER
THAT EXQUISITE
TORTURE...

"HE DISMANTLED ALL MY DREAMS
AND THEN DID NEUROSURGERY
UPON MY SOUL.

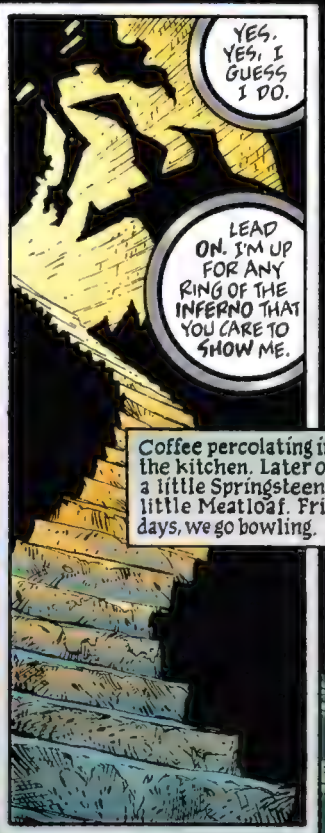
"IT WASN'T JUST MY
PARENTS THAT HE
KILLED. HE
BUTCHERED MY
WHOLE LIFE."



YOUR
PARENTS?
I THOUGHT
YOU SAID
YOUR WIFE
AND KID
GOT...

I SAID MY
FAMILY WERE
KILLED. THAT
BASTARD TOOK
OUT MOM AND
DAD AS WELL.

DO YOU KNOW
WHAT THAT'S LIKE,
TO HAVE YOUR
LOVED ONES
TAKEN FROM
YOU?



YES.
YES, I
GUESS
I DO.

LEAD
ON. I'M UP
FOR ANY
RING OF THE
INFERNO THAT
YOU CARE TO
SHOW ME.

Coffee percolating in
the kitchen. Later on,
a little Springsteen;
little Meatloaf. Fri-
days, we go bowling.

WE'RE
IN.

MY GOD.
WHAT IS
THIS
STUFF?

THESE ARE
THE MEREST FRACTION
OF THE PSYCHE-
SHREDDING MECHAN-
ISMS AT DELIRIUM'S
DISPOSAL.

THIS
IS THE COLD,
OIL-PERFUMED
ZOO IN WHICH HE
KEEPS THE METAL
BEASTS THAT TEAR
MEN'S HEADS
APART.

WE MUST GO
FURTHER, DEEP INTO
THE WINDING ARTERIES
THAT FEED THIS
HEART OF DARK-
NESS...

HEY!
HEY,
YOU!



LOOKS LIKE A COUPLE
OF THE DOCTOR'S
SPECIAL PROJECTS
DECIDED TO GO
WALKABOUT.

DON'T TAKE ANY
CHANCES. LET'S
JUST GET THEM
WRAPPED UP
FAST!

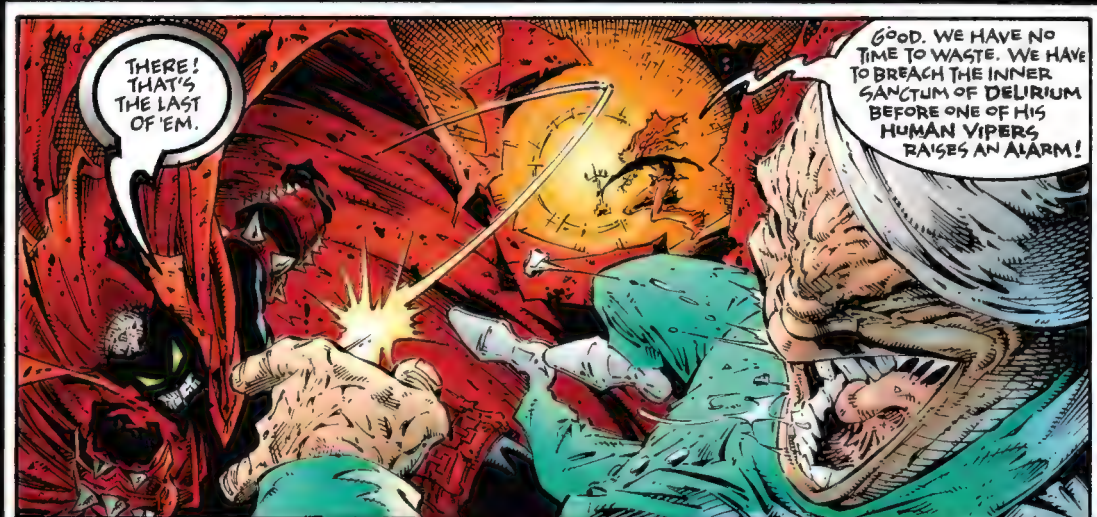
GHAAA!!

I'M SORRY,
PAL. WE'LL TAKE
OUR BRAINS UN-
SCRAMBLED.

WATCH
OUT FOR THEIR
NEEDLES OF
NOTHING-
NESS!

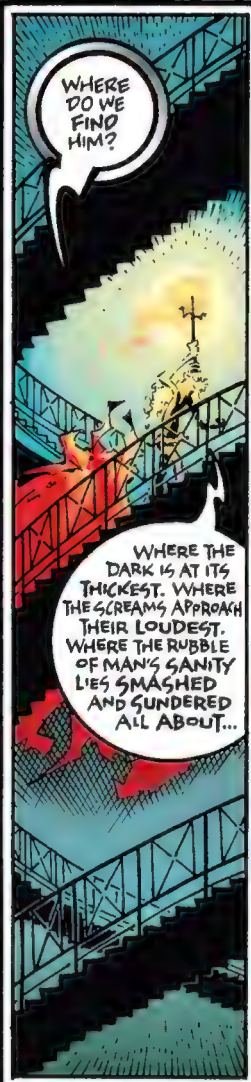
LET'S SHOW
THEM HOW REAL
WARRIORS OF THE
ABYSS CAN REVEAL
IN THE MAW OF
SLAUGHTER!

Favorite armchair.
Favorite shows. The
drone of mowers in
the street outside.



THERE!
THAT'S
THE LAST
OF 'EM.

GOOD. WE HAVE NO
TIME TO WASTE. WE HAVE
TO BREACH THE INNER
SANCTUM OF DELIRIUM
BEFORE ONE OF HIS
HUMAN VIPERS
RAISES AN ALARM!



WHERE
DO WE
FIND
HIM?

WHERE THE
DARK IS AT ITS
THICKEST. WHERE
THE SCREAMS APPROACH
THEIR LOUDEST.
WHERE THE RUBBLE
OF MAN'S SANITY
LIES SMASHED
AND SUNDERED
ALL ABOUT...



HERE.


BEYOND THESE
DOORS THE DUKE OF
ALL DELUSION AND
DAMNATION WAITS.
IF THERE ARE
DOUBTS WITHIN
YOUR GOUL, THEN
TURN BACK
HERE.



Uh-uh.
NOT ME,
FRIEND.

IF YOU'RE
TALKIN' 'BOUT
DAMNATION
THEN I FIGURE
YOU'VE GOT ME
ALONG FOR
THE RIDE.

SHRILL



THERE
HE IS! THE
DESTROYER OF
HUMAN SOULS. THE
ONE WHO TOOK MY
FAMILY AWAY THEN
TRIED TO ERASE MY
MEMORIES OF
THEM.

SAY YOUR
PRAYERS,
DEMON.
TONIGHT I
SHALL END YOUR
REIGN OF
TERROR.

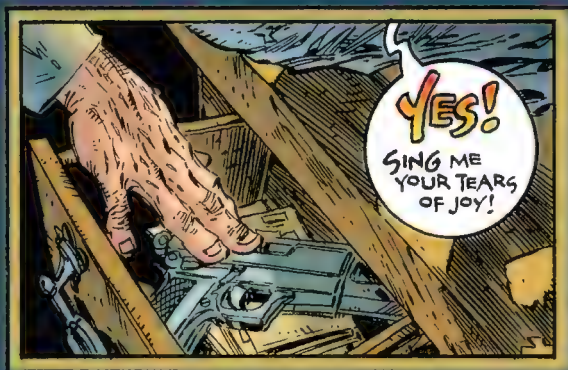
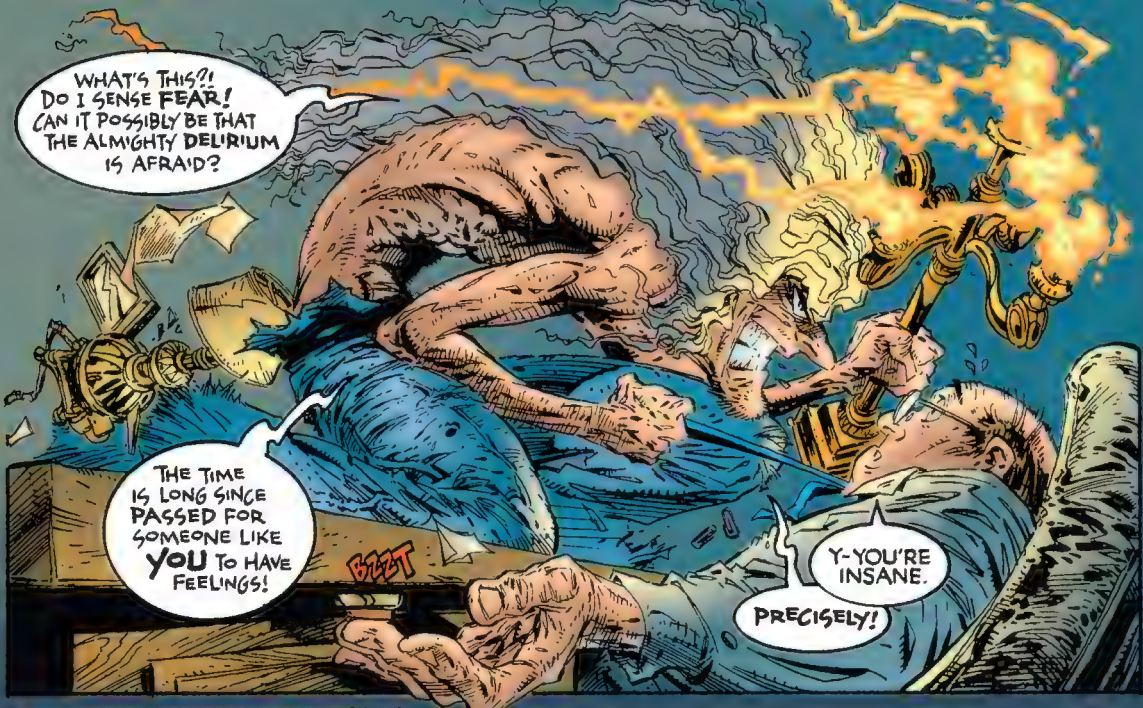
W-WHO
ARE YOU?
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING
HERE?

Doctor's appointment
at 3:00. Put roast on
at 4:00.

DO
YOU
NEED
HELP?

THANKS, FRIEND, BUT NO.
YOU GUARD THE DOOR. I'VE WAITED
TOO LONG FOR THIS MOMENT. MY
MAKER AND I ARE ABOUT TO HAVE
A MEETING OF THE
MINDS...

...WITH
WHAT
I HAVE
LEFT.



NO!

YOUR LORD'S
TAKING A BATH.
HE FELT DIRTY
ABOUT CREATING
YOU.

HE HAS NO
STOMACH FOR
WOMAN-AND-CHILD
KILLERS. AND YOU
KNOW SOMETHING...
NEITHER DO I.

HA HA HAA

POW!

URKGT!

FREAK!
HURRY UP!
THINGS ARE STARTING
TO HEAT UP!

BE WITH
YOU IN A
MINUTE,
DEAR.

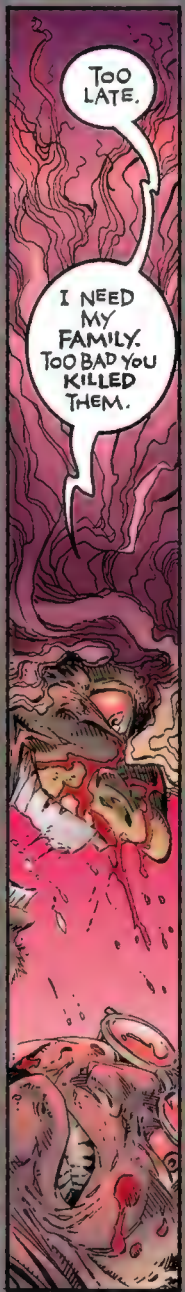
GAME TIME,
DELIRIUM. "I
SPY WITH MY LITTLE
EYE SOMETHING
THAT GOES
BANG!"

WEEOWEEOWEEOW



Ahhh.
NOW ISN'T
THIS JUST
PEACHY--YOUR
CORRUPT BOYS
IN BLUE.

PLEASE!
I'LL DO
WHATEVER
YOU
WANT.



TOO
LATE.

I NEED
MY
FAMILY.
TOO BAD YOU
KILLED
THEM.



GO-- DOESN'T
LEAVE YOU WITH
MUCH TO OFFER.
DOES IT?

BUT
THANKS
FOR
ASKING.

SMACK!



NOW GO
CRAWL BACK
STANKY BLACK
HOLE FROM
WHICH YOU
CAME.

OH!
I FORGOT...

...SEND
ME A
POSTCARD
WHEN
YOU GET
THERE.

SPAWNIE,
IT'S TIME
WE MADE
A HASTY
RETREAT.

WHERE'S
THE
DOCTOR?

TAKING A
POWER NAP.
NOTHING
TO BE
CONCERNED
WITH.

BUT WHAT
IS ARE HIS
HORDES OF MIND-
CONTROLLED
HENCHMEN. DELIRIUM
HAD THEM ALL UNDER
HIS THUMB: COPPERS,
MAFIA LORDS,
POLITICAL
PERSONALITIES.

THIS
SANCTUM
OF HIS WILL BE
CRAWLING WITH
HUNDREDS OF
ZOMBIES OUT
FOR OUR BLOOD
IN ABOUT TEN
MINUTES.

WE NEED
TO CREATE A
CLEAN PATH OF
ESCAPE.

THEN,
MY REVENGE
SHALL BE
COMPLETE.

11:00. A warm-
up of Ovaltine.
and some ESPN
Sportscenter.

KRAASH

725

PROTECT A

AT THE FEDERAL
HEALTH SERVICES
DEPARTMENT...

I'M SORRY
TO CALL YOU
DOWN HERE SO
ABRUPTLY,
MRS. KULBICZI.

YOUR HUSBAND
HAS ESCAPED FROM
THE INSTITUTION
AGAIN, AND
EFFORTS TO FIND
HIM HAVE BEEN
UNSUCCESSFUL.

THIS IS
MR. KULBICZI,
RIGHT?

NO, IT'S
NOT. I
THOUGHT HE'D
BE OUT OF MY
LIFE FOR **GOOD**
WHEN I LEFT
HIM 8 YEARS
AGO. HE JUST
LOST IT WHEN
I TOLD HIM I
DIDN'T WANT
TO HAVE
KIDS.

YEAH.

WE'D LIKE
YOUR HELP IN
FINDING HIM. YOU'VE
BEEN VERY HELPFUL
IN THE PAST, AND WE
DO APPRECIATE IT.
I'M SURE THIS
ISN'T EASY.

I COULDN'T **TAKE** IT ANYMORE. HIS
ALWAYS RUNNING OFF. I'M TELLING
YOU, HIS GRIP ON **REALITY** IS SCREWED
UP. BUT I GUESS YOU ALREADY KNEW
THAT. WELL, HE'S NOT **MY**
PROBLEM ANYMORE.

WE WERE
HOPING YOU'D
HELP US
TRY AND...

I DON'T **THINK SO**.
HE CAN ROT IN THE STREET
FOR ALL I CARE. I'M **SICK OF**
BEING DRAGGED INTO HIS
FREAKY DREAM WORLD.

WHY DON'T
YOU CALL HIS
DOCTOR, OR
SOMETHING?

WE **HAVE**.
BUT NO ONE SEEMS
TO BE ANSWERING AT
DR. DeLOREAN'S OFFICE.
WE'LL TRY AGAIN IN
THE MORNING.

OKAY, FREAK, IT'S YOU AND ME NOW. I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT THE HELL WE JUST DID?!

YOU WANT ANSWERS. FINE. HERE'S THE SCOOP. THE WHOLE INSANE GIG, IT'S JUST A SHITKICK, ALONG WITH THIS WIG AND MAKE-UP. IT JUST SERVES SOME PURPOSE, LIKE YOUR GET-UP.

SOUNDS KINDA CRAZY, BUT IT'S ALL I'VE GOT. THAT MURDERER DELIRIUM, HE WIPED OUT MY FAMILY. DO YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT THAT MEANS?

SO YEAH, I KILLED THE FAT GLOB. WHAT'RE YOU GOING TO DO, TAKE ME TO JAIL?

GO AHEAD. I DON'T CARE ANYMORE.

I'M NOT YOUR CONSCIENCE. YOU DID WHAT YOU HAD TO.

I'M FIGHTING A FEW INNER DEMONS MYSELF. YOU'VE REMINDED ME TO STAY FOCUSED.

Tuck the kids into bed. Snuggle up to the wife. All in a pretty good day.

FOCUSED?

I'VE GOT MY NEXT TARGET ALREADY PICKED OUT.

WELL, GOOD LUCK. HOPE YOU SUCCEED.

I WILL.

Hee Hee Hee Hee!





Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE